

"CALLAN"

"PEOPLE DISCOLOUR WITH TIME"

by

ROBERT BANKS STEWART

CAST

CALLAN
HUNTER
MERES
LONELY

CLARKE
RENA
SHEPPICK
MISS BREWIS
KANARO
BLAIR
FENTON
LAUNDERETTE ATTENDANT
NURSE

Extras: Launderette
Pub Garden
Hospital
Supermarket
Tilbury.

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FADE IN:

1. EXT. TILBURY DOCK. DAY. (STOCK)

A NEWLY-ARRIVED LINER AT ONE OF THE BERTHS.

2. INT. BAGGAGE SHED. DAY. (STOCK)

LONG SHOT ESTABLISHING THE INSIDE OF THE SHED. THE PASSENGERS WHO HAVE DISEMBARKED ARE WAITING IMPATIENTLY FOR THEIR BAGGAGE TO BE ASSEMBLED IN SEPARATE BAYS BEARING THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.

3. EXT. SHED DOOR. DAY. (FILM OR STUDIO LOC.)

AN ORDINARY-LOOKING SALOON CAR IS PARKED NOT FAR FROM THE SHED DOOR, FACING AWAY FROM IT. BEHIND THE WHEEL IS MERES, SCRIBBLING A NOTE. HE ROLLS DOWN THE CAR WINDOW AND HAILS A PASSING PORTER. GIVING THE MAN THE NOTE AND A TIP, HE INDICATES THE BAGGAGE SHED.

4. INT. SECTION. BAGGAGE SHED. DAY.

CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM THE LETTER "C" TO A GROUP OF PASSENGERS SORTING OUT THEIR BAGGAGE. THERE ARE SEVERAL "NEW" AFRICANS, BUT MOST ARE TANNED EUROPEANS WITH THE UNMISTAKABLY TOUGH, PAUNCHY APPEARANCE OF SETTLERS RETURNING TO WHAT THEY CALL THE "U.K." SOUND: BOAT-TRAIN ANNOUNCEMENT.

^{PASSENGERS}
AMONG THEM ^{PASSENGERS} IS RONALD CLARKE, BY CONTRAST A TRIM, MILITARY FIGURE WITH FAIR, THINNING HAIR AND A MOUSTACHE. HE IS DRESSED IN A LIGHTWEIGHT SUIT AND CLUB TIE, AND IS AGED ABOUT FORTY.

THE PORTER WITH THE NOTE APPEARS,
SEARCHES HIM OUT. CLARKE LOOKS
RATHER SURPRISED TO RECEIVE A NOTE.
HE READS IT, FROWNS, STARTS TO WALK
OUT OF THE SHED.

5. EXT/INT. SALOON CAR. DAY.

THE CAR ENGINE IS RUNNING. MERES
WATCHES CLARKE IN THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR
AS HE COMES OUT OF THE SHED AND LOOKS
AROUND. CUT TO A CLOSE SHOT OF
MERES' FOOT, HARD DOWN ON THE CLUTCH.
HE STARTS TO WITHDRAW HIS FOOT.

6. EXT. SHED DOOR. DAY.

AS THE CAR REVERSES WITH A RUSH.
CLARKE HAS LOOKED THE OTHER WAY.
NOW HE TURNS HIS HEAD SHARPLY AND
REALISES WHAT IS HAPPENING. EVEN
AS HE TRIES TO LEAP CLEAR HE GRABS A
BAGGAGE TROLLEY AND DRAGS IT INTO THE
PATH OF THE CAR. BUT HE ISN'T QUITE
FAST ENOUGH. THE CAR CRASHES INTO
THE TROLLEY, WHICH IN TURN HITS CLARKE,
SLAMMING HIM AGAINST A WALL. THE
WHOLE INCIDENT CREATES A CLATTER, AND
AS PEOPLE COME RUNNING, SCREAMING, THE
CAR GEAR GRATES INTO FIRST AND IT ROARS
AWAY.

PAN TO CLARKE. HE IS SPRAWLED OVER
THE END OF THE TROLLEY, BLEEDING,
SEMI- CONSCIOUS...

MIX TO:

7. INT. HUNTER'S GYM. DAY.

HUNTER, IN SINGLET AND TRACK-SUIT PANTS, HAS PAUSED IN THE MIDDLE OF A WORKOUT. HE SCANS A PIECE OF PAPER, THROWS IT DOWN, AND GLARES AT MERES.

HUNTER: Concussion and a few scratches.

MERES: Severe concussion.

HUNTER: A guest of the National Health, without even a broken leg. It's a wonder he isn't in a children's hospital !

MERES: I'm sorry, but his reflexes were faster than I'd expected.

HUNTER RESUMES EXERCISES.

HUNTER: Well, of course he's nimble ! What do you think he's been doing for the past two years ? By God, I'll never listen to that rubbish about your racing gear-change again !

MERES: I had to use an ordinary car.

HUNTER: Driving like a nervous spinster. —

MERES: It might have been better if I'd joined the ship at Madeira. I could have dealt with him on the way in.

HUNTER: (SNEERS) And if you'd botched
it like this? ^{by those} You'd have got away
in a lifeboat?

MERES: Did anyone catch the car
number?

HUNTER: Luckily only the first two
letters. Or you'd have been picked
up half way from Tilbury.

MERES: At least there's one thing.
He won't suspect us.

HUNTER: Hardly the point. He'd have
felt perfectly safe in England. Now
his nerves will be jangling like wires
in the wind. He'll smell danger as
strongly as he would in Africa.

*Hunter: Your smart
Chelsea haircut.*

MERES: He only saw the back of my
head. ^{MERES} As soon as he's out of
hospital, I'll get him. I won't
miss a second time, sir, I promise.

HUNTER: No.

MERES HAS MOVED TO A NEAR BY LONDON
ON THE WALL.

MERES: By far the best bet is to -

(Snickly)
HUNTER: I meant 'no' he isn't yours
any more.

MERES ~~THINKS TO~~ LOOKS AT HIM, NEEDLED.

MERES: You're handing him over
to someone else?

HUNTER: Someone who can show
the front of his head.

MERES: Whom Clarke knows ?

PUSH IN CLOSE ON HUNTER.

HUNTER: Callan. It ought to
work. They're two of a kind.

CUT TO:

8. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY.

CALLAN ASLEEP IN BED. HE IS BURIED
BENEATH A HEAP OF BLANKETS TOPPED
BY A RATHER ~~TEXTURE~~ TATTY
LOOKING QUILT. SOUND OF A KNOCK
AT THE DOOR.

INT. LANDING.
9. ~~INT.~~ CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY.

MISS BREWIS, HIS NEIGHBOUR, IS AT
THE DOOR. SHE HOLDS A LAUNDRY
PARCEL AND A POSTCARD. SHE KNOCKS
AGAIN.

MISS BREWIS: Mr. Callan ? It's
me.

CALLAN'S VOICE: Come in.

SHE OPENS AN ELECTRIC JUNCTION
BOX ON THE LANDING AND TAKES OUT A SPARE
KEY, LETS HERSELF INTO HIS ~~FLAT~~ FLAT.

10. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY.

CALLAN LOOKS BLEARILY OVER THE TOP
OF THE BLANKETS AT HER.

MISS BREWIS: I took in your laundry.
Five and eightpence.

AS SHE PUTS IT DOWN ON A DRESSER
HE INDICATES A PILE OF LOOSE CHANGE
LYING THERE.

CALLAN: Help yourself. What time
is it ?

MISS BREWIS: Twenty to one.

THERE IS A NOTE OF CENSORSHIP IN
HER VOICE. HE YAWNS AN UNSIGHTLY,
COATED-TONGUE YAWN.

CALLAN: Good enough odds to start
the day.

MISS BREWIS: All those blankets.
It's unhealthy in a sealed room.
No wonder you oversleep. Your body
isn't breathing. You're drugged with
sleep.

SHE GOES TO OPEN THE WINDOW A
LITTLE.

CALLAN^{, voice:} (S.O.V.) Drugs ? Haven't
tried 'em yet, old luv. My sleep's
purely psychological. This isn't a
bed and blankets. It's a pit, a womb.
A warm, safe womb. And you don't know
it, but I'm also naked under this lot.

AS MISS BREWIS TURNS FROM THE WINDOW
HE SEES THE POSTCARD IN HER HAND, SITS
UP.

CALLAN: I can tell you've read it.
What is it ?

MISS BREWIS: It's from your friend,
thanking you.

CALLAN: For what ?

HE GRABS THE CARD FROM HER.

MISS BREWIS: Your get-well card and the bottle of Pernod.

CALLAN: (REACTS) Nobby !

MISS BREWIS: Why the surprise ?
He's got manners. I dare say you have, too, remembering someone in hospital. That was nice of you.

CALLAN: Wasn't it.

SHE EXITS. CAMERA STAYS TIGHT ON CALLAN.

CALLAN^{voice} (S.O.V.) Sergeant Nobby Clarke.
One of the mob in Malaya. Saved my life once. Never forget an old mate. Worth at least a bottle of Pernod. Only there's something damn funny ..

11. INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION. DAY.

CALLAN TALKING WITH A NURSE WHO IS CHECKING REGISTER.

CALLAN^{voice} (S.O.V. CONTD) ..Haven't seen Nobby in years. Not since he was demobbed. I never even knew he was in hospital.

NURSE: Clarke ?

CALLAN: Initial R .. Mr. Ronald Clarke.

NURSE: Here he is. You mean Major Clarke.

CALLAN: ~~Major~~ (SURPRISED) Major ?

AS HE GETS A ROOM NUMBER AND DIRECTIONS TRACK AWAY FROM THE DESK TO INCLUDE A PHONE BOX IN F.G. INSIDE THE BOX IS A FIGURE WITH HIS BACK TO US.

12. INT. PHONE BOX. DAY.

IT IS MERES. CLOSE ON HIM AS
HE TALKS INTO THE PHONE.

MERES: Callan's paying ^{him}/a visit.

CUT TO:

13. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

HUNTER ON THE PHONE, SMILING.

HUNTER: Good. It gives one a
glow, bringing old friend together.

CUT TO:

14. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY.

CLARKE IS SITTING UP IN BED LOOKING
ALMOST RECOVERED. HE GIVES CALLAN
A MOCK PUNCH IN THE RIBS.

CLARKE: You cruddy old basket !
How many years is it ? You haven't
changed a bit.

ALTHOUGH OUTWARDLY IT IS A JOCLAR
REUNION, CALLAN IS SOMEWHAT SURPRISED
BY A CHANGE IN CLARKE. AND HE'S BEEN
LURED HERE - WHY ?

CALLAN: I haven't. But get you.
I'm almost convinced .. Major.

CLARKE: Oh, that.

CALLAN: It isn't for real, is it ?
I thought you gave the Queen notice ?

CLARKE: So I did. I was dazed when they
brought me in here, and I must have
blurted out the Major bit. (CALLAN
LOOKS AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY) It's a
nickname I picked up abroad. Become
a sort of attachment.

CALLAN: Like the moustache.

CLARKE: Stiffens the upper lip and mops up perspiration, old son. Both things are quite important in Africa.

CALLAN: So that's where you've been hiding.

CLARKE: (NODS) Beating about the bush.

CALLAN: Doing what ?

CLARKE: Oh, this and that. All over the shop. You know me. Restless Ronnie.

CALLAN: What happened to 'Nobby' ?
Too big a whiff of the other ranks ?

CLARKE: Right. Never give 'em a hint.

CALLAN: Who ?

CLARKE: Both the nigs and the nogs.
Africans and Europeans to you.

HE OPENS A BEDSIDE CUPBOARD AND BRINGS OUT A BOTTLE OF PENOD AND A FULL GLASS OF THE MILKY LIQUID.

CLARKE: You're a pal. You even remembered my favourite grog. What was it we used to call it ? Milk of amnesia .. have one ?

CALLAN: Not for me. Maybe you ^{oughtn't to} ~~shouldn't~~ be on the stuff ?

CLARKE: Take more than a touch of concussion to stop me, Corporal. I'll be out tomorrow. Cheers !

HE DRINKS. THERE IS A PAUSE.

CLARKE: (CONTD) What puzzles me
is how the hell you knew I was
in dock ?

CALLAN: Pure chance.

CLARKE: A chance in nine million ?

CALLAN: A friend of mine works in
Casualty. She happened to mention
your name.

CLARKE: Cute little nursing number,
I'll bet ..

CALLAN: Every inch a stunner.

CLARKE: In my state I wouldn't
remember much about the talent
when I was admitted.

CALLAN: What happened ?

CLARKE LOOKS AT HIM WITH SURPRISE.

CLARKE: I thought you knew ?

CALLAN: Only the gist of it.

CLARKE: I'd hardly set foot ashore
at Tilbury when some damn fool
backed his car into me.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE HEARS THIS.
HE IS CAREFUL NOT TO BETRAY TOO
MUCH INTEREST.

CALLAN: Careless.

CLARKE: A bloody close shave. They
said driving at home had gone to
pot.

CALLAN: Gets worse every day. You
should get damages.

CLARKE: Not a hope. The driver panicked and went off like a guided missile. Anyhow, let's change the subject.

CALLAN: Take it all in your stride, eh ?

CLARKE IS CLEARLY DETERMINED TO STEER TALK AWAY FROM THE INCIDENT.

CLARKE: What have you been up to these past few years ?

CALLAN: Nothing much.

CLARKE: Don't tell me Callan's settled for the quiet life ?

CALLAN: Wholesale groceries.

CLARKE MAKES A SHOW OF FALLING BACK ON HIS PILLOW.

CLARKE: You're joking ! Or you've gone soft in your old age.

CALLAN: Try me.

CLARKE: (SITS UP AGAIN) Now that's more like it. Two or three months in the African sun, and you might even beat me, boyo !

CALLAN: What dragged you away from the sun ? (JOKING) Or did they kick you out of the country ?

VERY CLOSE ON CLARKE'S EXPRESSION.
A FLICKER OF WARINESS.

CLARKE: Me ? No, I decided to quit. You miss London.

CALLAN: You mean you're back for good ?

CLARKE NODS, POURS HIMSELF ANOTHER DRINK.

CLARKE: Off home tomorrow.

CALLAN: Where's that ?

CLARKE: Two up, two down, in Stepney. With a wife and a nipper.

AS CALLAN SHOWS HIS SURPRISE THE DOOR OPENS AND RENA APPEARS. SHE IS ABOUT TWENTY FIVE, IRISH, PRETTY IN A ~~XXX~~ HOLLOW-CHEEKED, N.H. DENTURE WAY. SHE SPEAKS WITH QUITE A STRONG ACCENT.

CLARKE: (CONTD) Rena ...meet Dave. Dave Callan, one of my old Army ~~xxx~~ mates. One of the best. My wife.

RENA: (SHAKES HANDS) Nice to meet you, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: How do you do. (TO CLARKE) I didn't know you were married.

RENA: We was wed just before he went to Africa.

CLARKE: ~~xxxx~~ left her with a bun in the oven, swine that I am.

CALLAN: You haven't been abroad ?

CLARKE: Bit too hot where I was.

RENA: It's all right, now he's home.

SHE GOES OVER TO THE BED TO EMBRACE HIM.

CLARKE: And I have to spend the first two nights in a single bed !

AS CLARKE LEANS OVER THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE BED TO EMBRACE RENA,
CUT TO C.U. CALLAN. HIS ATTENTION
HAS BEEN CAUGHT BY AN OBJECT THAT
IS ONLY JUST SHOWING UNDER THE
MATTRESS. IT IS THE BUTT OF A
REVOLVER.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) So somebody
did try to kill you, Nobby. I wonder
why ? I know who rigged this meeting,
though. It was you, Hunter. I know
it was you.

CUT TO:

15. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

OPEN CLOSE ON HUNTER. HE IS VERBALLY
FENDING OFF AN ANGRY CALLAN.

HUNTER: All right, it was me.
I wanted you to renew an old
acquaintance.

CALLAN: You sound like someone in
a ~~Lonelyhearts~~ Lonelyhearts Bureau, only
your heart isn't in the right place.
~~That~~ If you've got one.

HUNTER: I'll probably die of it.

CALLAN: (SARCASTICALLY) No flowers,
please.

HUNTER: What did your friend
Nobby have to say about Africa ?

CALLAN: Nothing that would
interest you.

HUNTER: And nothing that would
arouse your interest ?

CALLAN: I don't keep up with the
~~new States, the~~ new States, ~~the~~
I read a newspaper report ~~the~~
~~about a military coup there~~
the other day, ~~i~~ and ~~it~~
~~it might as well have~~
been on the moon.

HUNTER: For all you care ?

CALLAN: Yes.

HUNTER: (RISES FROM DESK) ~~It~~ Very
well, I won't bore you with names.
But there's a certain country in
Africa where there's a civil war
going on. Law and order's up to
the country concerned, of course,
⁶but we're entitled to take sides.

CALLAN: I'll bet "our side" is where
we've got the most money at stake.

HUNTER: Let's just say it would
be politically embarrassing if the
other side won.

CALLAN: Well ?

HUNTER: There's an even bigger embarrassment. "Major" Clarke.

CALLAN: Nobby ?

HUNTER: Since you don't keep abreast of events, I'll give you a file on him. He's quite brilliant.

CALLAN: As what ?

HUNTER: As a mercenary. A rather brutal mercenary.

CALLAN LOOKS ~~XXXX~~ FROM HUNTER TO MERES.

HUNTER: (CONTD) He trains the other side's army, ~~XXXX~~ as he once trained you, Callan. Just for the sport, he also engages in the odd combat himself. You might call it blood sport.

No doubt you remember what a good instructor he was. I suppose I ought to be grateful to him.

CALLAN GETS UP FROM HIS CHAIR AND STARES AT HUNTER AND MERES.

CALLAN: And you tried to kill him ? (TURNS TO MERES) It was you.

MERES: Three's a crowd.

~~XXXXXXXX~~ CALLAN LOOKS AS IF HE WILL HIT MERES. HUNTER STEPS BETWEEN THEM.

HUNTER: ~~XXXX~~ Meres means that Section jobs are only discussed person-to-person. You should know.

(MURKIN)
CALLAN: Then get him out of here. Just so as I can turn you down .. person-to-person.

HUNTER NODS TO MERES, WHO EXITS. HUNTER
POURS TWO DRINKS.

HUNTER: I should have thought of you initially.

CALLAN: God knows what other dirty thoughts you have. But this is the dirtiest.

HUNTER: Is it ? (HE PAUSES) I'm waiting for pictures from Africa. Even over the phone they sounded grim.

CALLAN: I won't do it.

HUNTER: Why not ?

CALLAN: Because I know him.

HUNTER: Scared you couldn't go through with it?

CALLAN: Look, Hunter, find someone else.

HUNTER RESUMES HIS SEAT AT THE DESK,
SIPS HIS DRINK.

HUNTER: Or are you afraid he might beat you ?

CLOSE ON CALLAN. THERE IS CLEARLY A WEAKSPOT HERE WHERE CALLAN IS CONCERNED. HUNTER KNOWS, OF COURSE.

CALLAN: It's rich, really it is. ^{Someone}
You .. describing ~~somebody~~ ^{as} as a dangerous mercenary.
Personally, I wouldn't have the nerve.

HUNTER: We're sweepers-up.
An entirely different thing.

CALLAN: Maybe he has been on the wrong side. And maybe he has used rough tactics. So what ?
He's home. He's staying home.
He's ^{settled} ~~settled~~ ^{and} ~~settled~~. He has a wife and child.

HUNTER: Trappings. He's going back.

CALLAN: What makes you so sure ?

HUNTER: His kind always does. Apart from the fact that in Africa he's paid ten thousand a year and runs a Mercedes, you've met his wife, whom he married before he became an "officer" ? She works in a launderette, and their house backs on to a railway.

CALLAN: You're a snob. As bad as Meres.

HUNTER: Tell me a bigger snob than a phoney Major ? (GETS UP AGAIN) Our information is that he has no intention of remaining in his country. He's here incognito for some reason, and it isn't to see his wife and child. It could be buying arms, but we don't know, not care.

CALLAN: He isn't legally barred from being in the country.

HUNTER: No. But he isn't harmless, either.

CALLAN: You seem so bloody cocksure I'll see him again.

HUNTER: Even if you told him you knew what he's been doing, he'd still trust you. You're his sort, Callan. Same type.

CALLAN: Class, you mean.

HUNTER: (SHRUGS) If you like.

CALLAN: (SARDONIC) I heard you'd sent your kids to public school.

HUNTER LETS THE JIBE GLANCE OFF
HIM. HE GETS OUT A FILE.

HUNTER: But you don't really like
him. Let me remind you about yourself,
Callan.

CALLAN: You know, you aren't just
a snob. You're a neurotic.

HUNTER: A fellow neurotic.



~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

CALLAN: ~~XXXXXX~~ You know just
where to stab. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

with it
HUNTER: Like you, ^{shouldn't say,} ~~XXXXXX~~ only you're a little more

lethal. ~~(XXXXXX) (XXXXXX) (XXXXXX) (XXXXXX)~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ (READS FROM FILE)

Your psychiatric test - ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

~~probably forgotten XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX~~

~~said, XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX XXXXXXXX~~ it's ^{such} a long

time ago, ~~and~~ you've probably no idea

what you said. About a Sergeant

'Nobby' Clarke, who was in your unit.

There's quite a lot of it, quite

illuminating. You described him

as your friend, but according to

this, you constantly suggested he

was really an enemy. Once, during

unarmed combat training, he dislocated

your arm. ~~Deliberately~~, you said.

CALLAN: (INDICATES FILE) The
paper's turned yellow.

HUNTER: And facts sometimes discolour
with time. *Pictures discolour with time.*

CALLAN: Nobby Clarke has a medal -
for saving my life.

HUNTER: Oh, yes, he dragged you back
to patrol lines once, near Penang.
You were injured.

CALLAN: Right.

HUNTER: You were both being fired
on at the time. Very brave of him.
Except that he could have been using
you as a shield, Callan. Yes?

CALLAN STARES AT HIM, STARTS TO
EXIT.

CALLAN: Careful you don't twist yourself into knots.

HUNTER: ~~You needn't kill him~~ ^(FIRMLY) I tell you, he's going back. He'll burn a lot more villages and kill a lot more children.

CALLAN JUST CAN'T GET OVER THE THRESHOLD.

HUNTER: (CONTD) But I'll make a deal with you. You needn't go all the way. Maim him, frame him, put him in prison for a year or two, if you like. Just put him out of action.

CALLAN: I'll have a drink with him. That's all.

HUNTER: Before you go, there's just one other thing. The car that knocked him down. Someone got part of the registration number. (LIFTS PAPERS) The full number's here, on hire papers taken out by you that day.

CALLAN LOOKS HARD AT HUNTER.

CALLAN: You'd ~~take~~ ^{frame me with} the police?

HUNTER: No, I think we'd start by *telling* ~~with~~ Nobby *Clarke* ...

BIG C.U. ON CALLAN'S REACTION.

CUT TO:

16. INT. CLARKE'S SITTING ROOM. DAY.

A DISMAL ROOM. SKIMPY CURTAINS AND CHEAP MODERN FURNITURE, STAINED AND STREWN WITH MAGAZINES AND ~~KNICKERKNIX~~ BROKEN TOYS. A CLOTHES-HORSE, FESTOONED WITH A CHILD'S THINGS, STANDS NEAR AN UNCLEARED FIREPLACE. CLARKE COMES IN FROM THE ADJOINING KITCHEN WEARING A KD SHIRT. HE LOOKS BORED, SURVEYS THE ROOM BLEAKLY AND GOES AND GETS SHOE CLEANING THINGS. PUSHING OBJECTS OFF A CHAIR HE SITS DOWN TO INDULGE IN THE OLD SOLDIER'S HABIT OF "BULLING" EVEN CIVVIE SHOES. AFTER A MOMENT THERE IS THE SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING. RENA APPEARS WITH A NET SHOPPING BASKET. SHE IS WEARING A WRINKLED PVC COAT.

RENA: You're up, then.

CLARKE: The nipper gone to nursery ?

RENA: (NODS) LCC place, just down the road - for working mothers. They look after the kids all day, otherwise I couldn't have taken the job.

CLARKE: What time do you start ?

RENA: I do the nine-thirty till ~~four~~ ^{five} shift. (SHE STICKS GREEN SHIELD STAMPS IN A BOOK) Almost filled the seventh book.

CLARKE: Trading stamps ?

RENA: I was going to get a hair-dryer. But now you're home, I'll get us something more useful. Have you had a bite of breakfast ?

SHE MOVES INTO THE KITCHEN WITH THE SHOPPING.

CLARKE: I wasn't hungry.

(CALLS)

RENA: /Want a cup of tea ?

CLARKE: No thanks. I have a drink.

SHE REAPPEARS IN THE DOORWAY, SEES HE HAS A GLASS OF PERNOD.

RENA: On an empty stomach, at this time in the morning ? You haven't become an alcoholic through being out there, have you ?

CLARKE: Different kind of thirst. I'll break the habit.

SHE LIGHTS A CIGARETTE AND SITS ON THE END OF A CHAIR.

RENA: Nobby, you really meant what you said about settling down, didn't you ?

CLARKE: I said so.

RENA: You aren't going to go waltzing off again suddenly are you ?

CLARKE: (IRRITATED) I said not !

RENA: Why didn't you send for me ?

CLARKE: Look, I told you. You wouldn't have liked it. I was up-country most of the time. It was rough.

RENA: (SIGHS) It couldn't have been much rougher than being alone here. Now I know how sailors' wives feel.

CLARKE: Shouldn't you be getting round to work ?

RENA: (RISES) I suppose so. I'd have given up the ^{1 cigarette} ~~the~~ the day you appeared, only I couldn't bear to let my boss down.

CLARKE: You were right.

RENA: ~~His name is Steve~~ He's been good to me. He's a widower, and a bit lonely, too. I hope you don't mind - he's taken me out a few times. He plays it straight, though. No funny business.

CLARKE: Of course I don't mind.

SHE STUBS OUT HER CIGARETTE, STARTS TO LEAVE. AT THE DOOR SHE PAUSES.

RENA: I'm sorry about the mess. But what with working and all .. (THEN) We can have it redecorated.

CLARKE: Sure.

RENA: I've left something in the oven for you. Switch it on when you're hungry.

AS SHE EXITS HOLD ON CLARKE. HE FINISHES HIS DRINK, LOOKS DISTASTEFULLY AROUND THE ROOM AND HEADS FOR THE KITCHEN.

17. INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

EQUALLY UNTIDY AND DEPRESSING. CLARKE LAYS DOWN HIS GLASS, OPENS THE OVEN AND BRINGS OUT A PYREX DISH. HE SNIFFS THE FOOD. THEN, WITH AN EXPRESSION OF DISGUST HE EMPRIES THE CONTENTS INTO A WASTEBIN.

CUT TO:

18. INT. PUB GARDEN. DAY.

CALLAN IS HAVING A DRINK WITH CLARKE. THE GARDEN IS REALLY A BRICK-WALLED YARD. IT IS QUITE BUSY, AND SEVERAL OF THE CUSTOMERS ARE COLOURED.

CLARKE: I can't make out which makes me feel more at home. A Stepney pub, or the number of nigs around.

CALLAN: England's changed.

CLARKE: So I gather. (HE DRINKS)
Anyway, some of my best friends are Africans.

CALLAN LEANS FORWARD.

CALLAN: Including your employers.

CLARKE GIVES HIM A SHARP GLANCE.

CLARKE: If you mean did I ever work for African companies, naturally I -

CALLAN: You really are a Major.

CLARKE: (AFTER A PAUSE) All right, Corporal. (SMILES) You didn't want me to pull my rank on you, did you ?

CALLAN: Why didn't you say what you'd been doing ?

CLARKE: "Mercenary" is a dirty word.
(PAUSE) How did you find out ?

CALLAN: London hospitals teem with coloured nurses. One of them is a friend of my friend. She recognised you from a picture she'd once seen in an African newspaper.

CLARKE: There are more ^{damn} cameras than guns over there. All right, so now you know.

CALLAN: We've been in some tight spots together, Nobby.

CLARKE: Right, old son, we have.

CALLAN: Maybe you're in one now.

CLARKE: Cobblers !

CALLAN: Someone tried to get you at Tilbury.

CLARKE: And what if they did ?

CALLAN: Why ? What sort of outfit were you ~~xxxx~~ with ?

CLARKE: Does it matter ? I was a mercenary. Lots of us out there. And plenty of dirty jobs to do. But you and I used to do the same thing in Malaya, didn't we ?

CALLAN: True.

CLARKE: Where's the difference ? You know, you could easily have been a mercenary yourself. It takes guts, and you don't go by the book. Remember when you knifed that waiter in Singapore? Little bastard. He'd have got us, otherwise. You took him beautifully.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE IS REMINDED OF THIS INCIDENT - AND MANY OTHERS SINCE.

It's just the luck of the draw. You've been in wholesale groceries - I simply went on soldiering for a bit longer. (HE FROWNS) By the way, I'd be glad if you didn't mention it to Rena. She doesn't know what I was doing exactly.

CALLAN: You've definitely chucked
the life ?

CLARKE: Home is the hunter ...

CLARKE TURNS TO ORDER ANOTHER
DRINK FROM A WAITER. CLOSE ON
CALLAN.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) Trouble is
the other Hunter, capital H. He
doesn't believe you, Nobby. I wish
I knew whether I did.

CALLAN STARTS TO GET TO HIS FEET.

CLARKE: Do you have to go ?

CALLAN: 'Fraid so.

CLARKE: We'll have the other half
soon, I hope ?

CALLAN: Look forward to it.

CLARKE: Just one thing. I've been
wondering why you really looked me
up again.

THERE IS A PAUSE. CALLAN SMILES,
COVERING.

CALLAN: I haven't quite lost the
touch, Nobby. If you need any
help ..

CLARKE: (GRINS AT HIM) Now that sounds
more like the old Callan ! I'll
keep it in mind ..

HE IS AN EDUCATED
AFRICAN, WEARS AN
ENGLISH TWEED SUIT,
SMOKES A PIPE.

AS CALLAN GOES HOLD ON CLARKE.

THEN PAN TO SHOW ~~CLARKE~~ ^{MILTON}

KANARO, WHO APPEARS FROM THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE GARDEN. ~~HE WEARS A DOG-COLLAR~~

~~AND IS WELL DRESSED.~~ CLARKE IS

WATCHING CALLAN'S DEPARTURE AND

DOESN'T SEE ~~HE~~ ^{KANARO}. THERE IS A FAINT

TOUCH OF MENACE AS KANARO COMES UP

TO THE TABLE. THEN HE SITS DOWN.

CLARKE DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL SURPRISED

TO SEE HIM.

KANARO: Who was that ?

HE SPEAKS WITH A SOFT, CULTURED
ACCENT.

CLARKE: An old friend, Callan.

KANARO: I thought you weren't meeting
old friends ?

~~CLARKE: He's different. We were~~
~~in the Army together, and he had a~~
~~good reason for that.~~

KANARO: ~~Are you going to~~
~~offer him a job?~~

CLARKE: ~~I might. He's exactly the~~
~~kind of man we need. It's after~~
~~his last war, after, Brigadier~~
~~Kanaro.~~

FADE OUT.

END OF PART ONE.

FADE IN:

PART TWO.

19. INT. LAUNDERETTE. DAY.

MACHINES CHURNING AWAY, TWO OR THREE SEATED CUSTOMERS GAZING AT THEM AS IF THEY WERE CIRCULAR TV SCREENS. RENA, IN AN OVERALL, IS WEIGHING OUT A WOMAN'S LAUNDRY IN A PLASTIC BAG.

RENA: (BRISK) Ten pounds exactly.. dried for ironing. (WOMAN PAYS) Just right, Mrs Harris. Ready by four o'clock.

SECRET
RENA GOES INTO A ~~PASSAGE~~ ^{STREET DOOR} LEADING TO A BACK OFFICE. ~~THE CORRIDOR IS A PASSAGE~~ ^{THE CORRIDOR IS A PASSAGE} ~~ENTER SIDE AND A OVER MOUNTED TOILET.~~ ^{DRY-CLEANING MACHINES}

20. INT. OFFICE. DAY.

A SMALL, CLUTTERED OFFICE, STACKED WITH DRUMS OF COMMERCIAL WASHING POWDER, CLEANING FLUID, ETC. THERE IS A TILL BESIDE THE DOOR, AND A SAFE IN THE CORNER, OPENED. THE OWNER, STAN SHEPPICK, SITS BEHIND A DESK, TALKING INTO THE PHONE. HE IS A TUBBY MAN IN HIS FORTIES, BALDING, JEWISH. HE CONTINUES WITH HIS CONVERSATION AS RENA ENTERS AND PUTS THE MONEY IN THE TILL.

SHEPPICK:(INTO PHONE) Tomorrow, thirty, yes ? Very well, Mr. Millard, and thank you. Many thanks!

HE RINGS OFF AND POSITIVELY BEAMS AT RENA.

Well, I've done it !

RENA: The other shop ?

SHEPPICK: A five year lease, with an option on another five - and hardly any plumbing or alterations required. All I need are the machines, and we're a chain of launderettes ! Well, the start of a chain ..

AS HE TALKS HE PUTS ON HIS HAT AND COAT AND STUFFS PAPERS IN HIS BRIEFCASE WITH THE AIR OF A WHEELER-DEALER. SHE SMILES.

RENA: That's marvellous, Stan.

SHEPPICK: First thing, we'll have to get a trade name like the others. 'Prestowash', or something.

RENA: Fully automatic ?

SHEPPICK: Yes, but I'll still want someone on the spot. A manageress. (HE GIVES HER A LOOK) I've been meaning to talk to you about it, Rena.

RENA: Me ?

SHEPPICK: The job's yours. Part-time, just like you are now. But manageress. And I'd be buzzing between shops.

RENA HATES TO DISAPPOINT HIM, BUT SHE SHAKES HER HEAD.

RENA: It's nice of you to ask, Stan. Real nice. But it's out of the question.

SHEPPICK: Why ?

RENA: I'm sorry, but I'm leaving as soon as you can replace me.

SHEPPICK: (DISMAYED) You are ?
But .. I thought you liked the work. I thought we'd become more than just boss and employee. I mean friends.

RENA: It isn't that. It's .. Nobby.

SHEPPICK: (FROWN) You're going out to join your husband in Africa ?

RENA: Nobby's home.

SHEPPICK: Oh. You never told me.

HIS DISAPPOINTMENT IS OBVIOUS.

RENA: It was a bit of a surprise for me. But he's back for good.

SHEPPICK: Well naturally I'm pleased for you. But why stop working ?

RENA: There's the kid for one thing, and I'd like to run the house. Nobby's been leading a different sort of life.

SHEPPICK: (SLOWLY) Things have been different for me, too, Rena .. since you came to work here.

RENA: Don't, Stan.

SHEPPICK: You know something ? ~~xx~~ I'll tell you, and please don't hate me for saying this. I've even found myself hoping you mightn't be married after all. That you might ~~xx~~ just have been keeping up appearance, you know ?

SHE WALKS TO THE DOOR.

RENA: Stan .. come and have a meal with us, will you ? Come and meet Nobby.

SHEPPICK: All right, maybe I will.

SHE GOES OUT TO THE LAUNDERETTE.
CAMERA HOLDS ON SHEPPICK AS HE GAZES AFTER HER FOR A MOMENT, THEN TURNS TO OPEN THE TILL. BACK TO BUSINESS. HE STARTS TO TRANSFER MONEY FROM THE TILL TO THE SAFE.

CUT TO:

21. INT. LAUNDERETTE. DAY.

RENA IS USING A DEMIST AEROSOL ON THE FOGGED UP WINDOWS OF THE LAUNDEETTE. CAMERA IS CLOSE ON THE WINDOW AS SHE GIVES IT A BURST. AS IT CLEARS WE SEE CALLAN'S REFLECTION MATERIALISE. A LITTLE STARTLED RENA TURNS TO FIND HE HAS BEEN LOOKING OVER HER SHOULDER.

RENA: Mr. Callan. You gave me a scare. I never expected to see you here.

CALLAN: I've got a passion for launderettes. Spend whole evenings in them in winter. Magazines, coffee, tea. Other people's washing for entertainment.

RENA: Try working in one !

SHE GATHERS UP A BUNDLE OF LAUNDRY AND EMPTIES IT INTO A MACHINE. AT THAT MOMENT SHEPPICK PASSES THEM ON HIS WAY OUT.

SHEPPICK: Safe's locked, Rena, but
there's plenty of change in the till.

RENA: Right, Stan.

SHEPPICK PAUSES, LOOKS AT CALLAN.

SHEPPICK: Is this .. Nobby ?

RENA: A friend of his. He was just
passing.

SHEPPICK: Oh. Well, I'm off, then.
Tell your relief I'll be back before
she closes.

HE EXITS. SHE STARTS THE MACHINE AND
PUTS IN THE FIRST SOAP POWDER.

RENA: Like a cup of tea ?

CALLAN: Let me ..

HE PUTS MONEY IN A VENDING MACHINE,
GIVES HER A CUP, HAS ONE HIMSELF.

RENA: Have you ^{been seeing} ~~seen~~ Nobby ?

(NOBS)
CALLAN: We had a drink together ..
went over old times.

RENA: I'm glad ^{you're around. He needs} ~~you found out he was~~
~~friends.~~ Being away so long, he's a
bit of a stranger.

CALLAN: ^{He must} ~~be a bit of a stranger.~~ ^{slightly} ~~be a bit of a stranger.~~
~~as well.~~ ^{that way to you}

~~LOOKS AWAY FROM HIM.~~
SHE ~~LOOKS AWAY FROM HIM.~~

RENA: ^{It'll} ~~be all right~~ ^{when}
^{he gets used to the change and} ~~has something to do.~~

CALLAN: Bound to get fixed up soon.

RENA: He's made a lot of phone calls.

CLOSE ON CALLAN'S EXPRESSION.

CALLAN: He has ?

RENA: I think he's got plans. Didn't he tell you ?

CALLAN: No. What sort of plans ?

RENA: I've no idea. He won't discuss things with me. Never talks about his life abroad, either, come to that. You'd almost think he'd been in jail, or on some secret mission. (SHE PAUSES) Mr. Callan, will you do me a favour ?

CALLAN: Depends on what it is.

RENA: If Nobby ever toys with the idea of going back to Africa, will you try to stop him ?

PUSH IN VERY CLOSE ON CALLAN.

CUT TO:

22. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

~~HUNTER~~ TIGHT ON HUNTER AND MERES. THE DESK IS ONLY DIMLY LIT.

MERES: Callan had a drink with Clarke, and a heart-to-heart with his wife.

HUNTER: Just as I'd hoped.

MERES: He may have decided to drop it.

HUNTER: In that case we shall simply have to harden his resolve.

MERES: How do you propose to do that ?

HUNTER: By softening him up.

MERES: I thought you said one of Callan's deficiencies was that he'd grown too soft ?

HUNTER: It's undoubtedly his chief drawback. And yet, in a curious way, it can be turned ~~xxxxxx~~ to advantage. You've got about as much feeling as the bumper on your car, Meres.

MERES: That's unfair, sir.

~~HE~~ ^{HAS MOVED} ~~HUNTER~~ ~~WALKS~~ ACROSS TO A FILE, ^{HE} ~~AND~~ BRINGS OUT SEVERAL PHOTO TRANSPARENCIES.

HUNTER: (HOLDING THEM UP) These arrived this morning. Watch.

HE PUTS ONE TRANSPARENCY INTO A ^{VISUALISER} ~~MONITORING SCREEN~~ DESK / FLIPS A SWITCH. THE PICTURE APPEARS ON ~~THE~~ VISUALISING ~~MONITORING~~ SCREEN. ~~IT SHOWS NOBBY CLARKE IN THE UNIFORM OF A MERCENARY MAJOR, HE IS THE SOLE SUBJECT OF THE PICTURE.~~ ^{HOLDING A REVOLVER.} IT SHOWS NOBBY CLARKE IN ~~THE UNIFORM~~ ^{HOLDING A REVOLVER.} THE UNIFORM OF A MERCENARY MAJOR, / HE IS THE SOLE SUBJECT OF THE PICTURE.

HUNTER: (CONTD) 'Major' Clarke,
in action.

HE PROJECTS ANOTHER PICTURE WHICH
WE DO NOT SEE. AS HE STUDIES IT
MERES' EYES NARROW.

MERES: Did he do that ?

HUNTER: Haven't you read his file ?

MERES: Yes. But show these to
Callan, and he'll say you've no
real evidence. Just two separate
pictures.

HUNTER LIFTS THE FIRST TRANSPARENCY.

HUNTER: Haven't you heard of a
double image ? (FITS IT INTO
MACHINE) Now we have a candid
study, taken at the spot.

MERES NODS, BEGINS TO SMILE.

I've already ordered a nice,
grainy print of the bold Major
and ~~the~~ one of his atrocities ..

CUT TO:

23. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

A SINGLE LAMP IS ON. IN THE SHADOWS
SOMEONE IS SEARCHING THE FLAT. WE
SEE HANDS OPENING DRAWERS, CHECKING
A BOOK BESIDE THE PHONE, ETC. THE
PHONE RINGS. IT GOES ON RINGING FOR
A FEW MOMENTS, THEN A HAND LIFTS IT
OFF THE HOOK.

CUT TO:

24. EXT. STREET ENTRANCE. NIGHT.

CALLAN STEPS INTO A PORTICO, BRINGING OUT HIS KEY. BESIDE THE DOOR IS A ROW OF BELL-PUSHES ~~AND~~ ^{WITH} NAME CARDS, AND THE GRILLE OF A SPEAKER CONNECTED TO INDIVIDUAL FLATS. CALLAN ~~REACHES FOR THE DOOR HANDLE~~ ~~AND~~ ~~STARTS TO~~

OPEN THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

25. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

THE HAND REPLACES THE PHONE.

CUT TO:

26. EXT. LANDING. NIGHT.

ON THE STAIRS AS CALLAN COMES UP. AS HE REACHES THE LANDING HE SUDDENLY STOPS, LOOKS UP. ~~HE~~ CUT TO HIS P.O.V. - THE ELECTRIC JUNCTION BOX. IT IS SLIGHTLY OPEN. CALLAN REACHES UP AND FEELS INSIDE. THE SPARE KEY IS MISSING. HE GLANCES AT HIS DOOR, CONSIDERS A LINE OF ACTION FOR A MOMENT. THEN HE GRABS THE HANDLE ON THE SIDE OF THE BOX AND PULLS IT TO "OFF".

CUT TO:

27. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

AS THE ~~SWITCH~~ ^{LAMP} GOES OFF. THE HANDS TRY ~~TO REACH FOR THE SWITCH, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK.~~ BUT IT DOESN'T WORK. ANOTHER CLICK AS THE MAIN LIGHT-SWITCH IS TURNED ON TO NO EFFECT. SOUND OF KEY ~~TURNING~~ IN THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

28. INT. LANDING. NIGHT.

CALLAN WITHDRAWS THE KEY AND KICKS THE DOOR OPEN. IT SWINGS WIDE. THERE IS NO SOUND FROM WITHIN.

CALLAN: I'll give you just five seconds to come out, otherwise ~~and I'm going to~~ I'm going to -

HE BREAKS OFF AS THERE IS THE SOUND OF A LAUGH FROM INSIDE THE FLAT. CALLAN FROWNS. HE KNOWS THAT LAUGH. ~~HE SLOWLY~~ ^{ON} ~~HE REACHES UP~~ HE REACHES UP AND TURNS THE ELECTRICITY ~~ON~~ AGAIN.

CUT TO:

29. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

THE LAMP - AND THE MAIN LIGHT - BOTH ON NOW. CALLAN COMES THROUGH THE DOOR, STOPS. CUT TO HIS P.O.V. TO SHOW CLARKE SITTING IN A CHAIR, *RELAXED*, ~~SMILING~~ CHUCKLING.

CALLAN: Nobby ?

CLARKE: In the old days you'd have lobbed one in first.

CALLAN: Catch !

HE TOSSES HIS LIGHTER AT CLARKE, WHO CATCHES IT.

CLARKE: Woops !

CLARKE GRINS, LIFTS A CIGARETTE FROM A TABLE AND LIGHTS IT. CALLAN WALKS INTO THE ROOM FROWNING AT HIM, KICKING THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND HIM.

CALLAN: You're welcome to drop in any time. But this way is at your own risk.

CLARKE: I thought I'd surprise you. The key wasn't hard to find.

CALLAN TAKES OFF HIS COAT, HIS EYES ROAMING THE ROOM FOR SIGNS OF A SEARCH.

CALLAN: I've become sloppy.

CLARKE: Right ! Lesson number one: always secure your lines against infiltration. ~~The same~~ *Ignore the rule, and you're dead.*

CALLAN: I thought you'd forgotten all that ?

CLARKE MOVES OVER TO CALLAN'S CURRENT WAR-GAME - A MODERN SET-UP THIS TIME - WITH GUERILLA TROOPS, BRENS, FLAME-THROWERS, ETC.

CLARKE: I thought you had. And what do I find ? You're keeping your hand in right up to the elbow! Tactical exercises in guerilla warfare, Difficult terrain, Troops intelligently deployed.

CALLAN: Just a hobby, ^{though it} ~~doesn't~~ ^{doesn't} quite live up to your field experience.

~~Maybe~~ *Still, maybe we can*
~~Callan~~ *have a game*
some time.

CLARKE: Nothing I'd enjoy more. We might have plenty of chances soon.

CALLAN: I don't quite follow you.

CLARKE: The reason I'm here is to sound you out about a new job.

CALLAN: Sound me out ?

CLARKE: That's right.

HE IS FIDDLING WITH THE TOY SOLDIERS AS HE TALKS. CALLAN IS WATCHING HIM CLOSELY.

CALLAN: Aren't you supposed to be the one who's job-hunting ?

CLARKE: Never mind that. I just want to know whether you'd be interested.

CALLAN: Possibly. What's being offered ?

CLARKE: For the moment, let's just say it has something to do with my ^{overseas} ~~connections~~ connections. And it pays well. I'll be able to give you more info later.

HE STARTS TO LEAVE. AT THE DOOR HE PAUSES AND THROWS CALLAN A KEY.
Your key. And while you were out, someone called Charlie phoned.

CALLAN: When will you be in touch ?

CU TO TO:

SIMPLY A LANE FORMED BY TWO HIGH
SHELVES OF FOODSTUFFS. CALLAN AND
HUNTER WHEELING WIRE BASKETS.

CALLAN: None of my business.

CALLAN: Look, I told you what you could do with this job !

HUNTER: At least he can't get out of the country without us knowing. Dear me, the price of button mushrooms ! Ever tried them on toast with paprika sauce ?

HUNTER: Glad you haven't lost
your sense of humour. (THEN)
I wish you'd get it over with,
Callan.

CALLAN: What did your wife buy you for Christmas - a butcher's apron ?

UNPERTURBED, HUNTER COLLECTS A FEW MORE TINS.

HUNTER: So you think Clarke's the whitest white man to leave Africa.

CALLAN: I don't reckon his past, that's all. Not as a reason for making him a target now.

HUNTER: But if he went back to being a mercenary ?

CALLAN: You know something, Hunter ? If only to get away from your kind, I might even fancy a spell as a mercenary myself.

HUNTER: You don't have leadership qualities. That's why you never got beyond Corporal. ~~xxxxxx~~ Besides, you wouldn't enjoy it.

HE BRINGS OUT A LARGE ENVELOPE, *Gives it to Callan.*

I must be going.

CALLAN: What's this ?

(WHEELING HIS BASKET AWAY)
HUNTER: Since you're so fond of Nobby, I thought you'd like a portrait of him for your mantleshelf ..

AS HUNTER GOES CAMERA HOLDS ON CALLAN. HE SLIDES THE PICTURE OUT OF THE ENVELOPE TO LOOK AT IT. ~~HE SEES A WOMAN SHOPPER~~ A WOMAN SHOPPER WHO HAS MOVED BESIDE HIM TO REMOVE A TIN ~~SOMEWHERE~~ FROM A SHELF, ~~HE SEES~~ PEEPS NOSILY AT THE PICTURE IN HIS HAND. SHE REACTS WITH ~~HE SEES~~ WITH A GASP OF HORROR.

DISSOLVE TO:

31. EXT. PUB GARDEN. NIGHT.

CALLAN AND LONELY AT A TABLE IN A CORNER OF THE GARDEN. LONELY DRINKS HIS SCOTCH GRATEFULLY. CALLAN HAS A HALF-PINT OF BITTER.

LONELY: That's better. It's a bit chilly out here. Couldn't we talk inside ?

CALLAN: With you, Lonely, I prefer the fresh air. My nostrils stand a chance.

LONELY: You always try to rile me that way, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Nonsense. I'm your best friend. I tell you.

LONELY TAKES ANOTHER DRINK, LEANS FORWARD.

LONELY: In all, he's made half a dozen journeys.

CALLAN: Have you found out where ?

LONELY: (NODS) Some of the places .. Swindown .. Manchester .. Govan, near Glasgow .. Cleethorpes, Lincolnshire.

CALLAN: Any idea what he was doing ?

LONELY: He stayed at commercials mostly - one star-hotels - and usually had a visitor. Maybe he's setting up some kind of business ?

CALLAN: (THOUGHTFUL) Maybe.

LONELY: Twenty-five you said.

CALLAN BRINGS OUT HIS WALLET
AND PAYS HIM THE MONEY.

CALLAN: This time I'll join you
in a large scotch. And a large
ginger ale.

LONELY: (HOPEFULLY EYES WALLET) There's
something else, Mr. Callan.

CALLAN HESITATES, THEN DECIDES TO
REPLACE HIS WALLET.

CALLAN: All right, Lonely. I'll
buy you another.

LONELY HAD HOPED FOR GREATER REWARD,
BUT HE DOESN'T PRESS IT. HE SHRUGS,
~~BY THE WAY~~ PRODUCES A SLIP OF PAPER.

LONELY: In London, Clarke's spent a
lot of time at this address. (HANDS
OVER ADDRESS) It's an old mail-order
warehouse behind King's Cross.
The current lease is held by a
syndicate of African importers.
CLOSE SHOT OF CALLAN.

CUT TO:

(FILM OR STUDIO LOC)

~~STREET SCENE~~

32. EXT. WAREHOUSE NIGHT. ~~EXT. WAREHOUSE~~

CALLAN APPROACHING THE WAREHOUSE, A
~~BRICK BUILDING~~ GLOOMY, ~~BARREZ~~
BRICK BUILDING WITH THE NAME
"AFROCRAFT" AT THE ENTRANCE. SOUND
~~OVER~~ OVER OF TRAINS. HE STOPS TO
LOOK AT THE SIGN, THEN SEES THAT THE
DOOR IS PARTLY OPEN. WARILY HE
STARTS TO GO IN.

CUT TO:

33. INT. ^{ENTRANCE}~~HALLWAY~~. NIGHT.

^{SMALL, AREA}
A SQUARISH ~~HALLWAY~~ WITH A ~~SWITCHBOARD~~.
RECEPTION DESK AND ~~TELEPHONE~~.
SEVERAL WOODEN CRATES LIE ABOUT. ~~TO THE~~
~~TO THE RIGHT OF~~ STAIRS LEAD ~~TO~~ TO A
FLOOR ABOVE, AND ALONG A ~~SHORT~~
PASSAGEWAY ~~AND~~ ^A SHORT FLIGHT
OF STEPS ~~GOES~~ ^{GOES} DOWN TO A DOOR
~~WITH A~~ ^{FRAGILE} GLASS PANEL
IN IT. ~~THE LIGHT SHINES THROUGH THE GLASS.~~
A LIGHT SHINES THROUGH THE GLASS.
CALLAN ENTERS, LOOKS AROUND. HIS
ATTENTION ^{IS} CAUGHT BY THE LIGHT, ^{AND} HE
STARTS TO GO TOWARDS IT. AS HE MOVES
~~ALONG THE PASSAGEWAY CAMERA~~
~~THE CAMERA~~ PANS BACK TO ~~SHOW~~
SHOW ~~THE LEGS OF A MAN COMING QUIETLY DOWNSTAIRS.~~ THE
LEGS OF A MAN COMING QUIETLY ~~DOWN~~
DOWNSTAIRS. A HAND REACHES OUT
~~TO PICK UP A KERI-COSH.~~ OUT FOR
SOMETHING BEHIND THE RECEPTION DESK.

34. INT. PASSAGEWAY. NIGHT.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE PAUSES ON
THE STEPS LEADING DOWN TO THE
DOOR. AS HE HEARS A MOVEMENT
BEHIND HIM HE TURNS HIS HEAD.
CUT TO ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW
KANARO POISED JUST ABOVE CALLAN.
IN HIS HAND HE HOLDS A VICIOUS-
LOOKING AFRICAN KERI-COSH.

CALLAN: Evening.

KANARO: Forgive me for brandishing
this rather primitive keri, but I
assure you it's very effective.

CALLAN: ~~(EYEBING IT)~~ Nice little
~~keri-cosh.~~ ^{I'll take}
your word ~~for it.~~ ^{for it.}

KANARO: ~~Nowadays people hang them on their~~

Nowadays people hang them on their walls. ~~But they are not~~

CALLAN: If you like that sort of thing.

KANARO: But there was a time when a Bangwati tribesman could split a man's skull with one of these, as easily as topping an egg. (PAUSE) Do you mind telling me what you're doing here ?

CALLAN: Looking for a friend of mine, Nobby Clarke.

KANARO: Then go straight ahead. He's in there.

CALLAN HESITATES, THEN WALKS AHEAD OF KANARO AND PUSHES OPEN THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

35. INT. WORKSHOP. NIGHT.

CALLAN MOVES IN AND REACTS. THE FIRST THING THAT MEETS HIS GAZE IS A ROW OF SHUNKEN HEADS SUSPENDED OVER A TANK. THEY ARE DRIPPING WITH SOME FLUID.

CALLAN: Friends of yours ?

KANARO: It's really quite extraordinary how many English people adore them. Personally I find them revolting.

AS CALLAN ~~WALKS~~ WALKS ON WE SEE MORE OF THE WORKSHOP. THERE ARE ALL KINDS OF AFRICAN "GIFT" ITEMS - SPEARS, DRUMS, HEADRESSES, AND LOTS OF "PRIMITIVE" SCULPTURE, MUCH OF IT IN ~~WOOD~~ ORDINARY WHITE WOOD, WAITING TO BE PAINTED.

ANOTHER ANGLE TO SHOW CLARKE ~~REDACTED~~
AT A DESK IN A GLASS PARTITIONED
OFFICE AT THE END OF THE WORKSHOP.
HE IS TALKING WITH TWO MEN. ONE OF
THEM, BLAIR, IS A TALL, EX-OFFICER
TYPE WITH FLOWING HANDLEBAR MOUSTACHE.
THE OTHER, FENTON, ~~REDACTED~~ IS
A ROUGHER-LOOKING CHARACTER WITH
A CREW CUT AND A SORRED FACE. CALLAN
MOVES UP TO THE GLASS, KANARO
FOL OWING. CLARKE DOESN'T SEE THEM
AT FIRST BECAUSE HE IS POINTING TO
A MAP OF AFRICA BEHIND HIS CHAIR.
WE DO NOT HEAR THEIR CONVERSATION.
AS HE TURNS AND SEES CALLAN HE
REACTS. HE GETS UP FROM THE DESK
AND COMES OUT OF THE OF FICE.

CLAPKE: Dave ! How the hell
did you get here ?

CALLAN: I walked in through the
door.

KANARO: Surreptitiously.

(SARONIC)

CALLAN: ~~REDACTED~~ Oxford or
Cambridge ?

KANARO: Sandhurst, actually.

CLARKE GIVES A CHUCKLE. HE MOTIONS TO
KANARO TO LAY DOWN THE KEEL, CLAPS
CALLAN ON THE BACK.

CLARKE: Kanaro used to be a
soldier, like me. Now we're
partners in ^{another} ~~REDACTED~~ line of
business.

CALLAN: Afrocraft ?

HE TURNS, WALKS AROUND THE
BENCHES.

CLARKE: We're away to the races.
It's all the fashion.

CALLAN: Quite a set-up,
Nobby.

KANARO: A vibrant new culture.

CALLAN LIFTS A STATUESQUE CARVING
OF A NUDE AFRICAN WOMAN ~~KEPT A~~
~~ORDINARY~~ IN LIGHT WOOD.

CALLAN: And the more primitive
the better ? How do you solve
the colour problem ?

~~CALLAN~~ KANARO ~~THE CARVING~~ LIFTS
A PAINT-SPRAY, TAKES THE CARVING
FROM CALLAN.

CLARKE: He isn't sensitive.

KANARO: It's quite simple. (HE
SPRAYS CARVING ~~BLACK~~ BLACK)
Now it's solid ebony.

CLARKE: We're in the process of
organising sales staff right
across Britain.

CALLAN LOOKS INTO THE OFFICE. ^{INTERCUT} ~~THIS~~ ^{THIS}
P.O.V. ~~OF THE AFR. CAN MAP~~ ^{OF THE AFR. CAN MAP}
AND THE TWO MEN, WHO ARE LOOKING ~~AT CALLAN~~ ^{WARILY AT CALLAN}.
CALLAN: Are those two of the ^{THROUGH THE PARTITION}
recruits ?

^{Possibles. Could do very well.}
CLARKE: ~~They're promising.~~ I
was just interviewing them.

CALLAN: ~~There's a problem at~~
~~the wrong time.~~ Sorry ?
Butted in.

CLARKE: Don't be daft. Always glad to see you. And I'm not forgetting my promise.

CLOSE ON CALLAN AS HE PRETENDS TO LOOK GRATEFUL.

CALLAN: That's why I called in, Nobby. I thought it might have slipped your mind.

CLARKE: Would I let it do that, old son ?

CALLAN: I'm still interested.
(LOOKS AROUND) Even more so.

~~CLARKE~~

CLARKE: Great.

HE STARTS TO LEAD CALLAN TOWARDS THE EXIT.

CALLAN: How's Rena ?

CLARKE: She's fine. Tell you what. I've got more interviews right now. But I'll contact you tomorrow, okay ?

CALLAN NODS AND LEAVES. HOLD ON CLARKE AS KANARO JOINS HIM.

KANARO: How did he know where to find you ?

CLARKE: Callan's ~~obviously~~ the type to find anyone if he wants to. In the ~~city~~ jungle he was better than any guide.

KANARO: Are you sure he's
trustworthy ?

CLARKE: Only one way to find
out. Employ him.

CUT TO:

(FILM OR STUDIO LOC.)
36. EXT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT.

CALLAN LEAVING THE WAREHOUSE.
SOUND OF TRAINS AGAIN. HE ~~LOOKS~~ GLANCES
AT THE BISMAL SURROUNDINGS.

CALLAN'S VOICE: (S.O.V.) This is a
~~long damn~~ damn long way from
Africa. I wonder if Nobby and
Kanaro really have changed trains
at King's Cross ? With that
accent - and Sandhurst - Kanaro
must have been a Brigadier back
home, at least.

AS HE WALKS AWAY THE CAMERA PANS
OVER TO A CAR. A MAN STEPS
OUT. ZOOM IN TO SHOW ~~THE~~
MERES.

CUT TO:

37. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

~~CALLAN~~ ^{IS} LONELY/PLAYING WITH
CALLAN'S TOY SOLDIERS. CALLAN STARES
AT HIM OVER THE TABLE.

~~CALLAN~~

CALLAN: Passports ?

~~LONELY: (SOBS) A dozen have changed
hands in the past week, at~~

LONELY: That's right, Mr.
Callan.

CALLAN: How many ?

LONELY: About a dozen so far -
at top prices. Go-between's an
old prison pal of mine. Nice
racket. He's an undertaker.
Gets them from the relatives of -

CALLAN: (OVER) Sold to Nobby
Clarke, you're sure ?

LONELY: (NODS) Positive. He must
be going to ~~work~~^{skip} a rough old mob c'
~~the~~ blokes out of the country.

CALLAN HAS GATHERED A GROUP OF
TOY SOLDIERS TOGETHER THOUGHTFULLY.

CALLAN: ~~They're called~~ *They're called*
~~A small army of mercenaries.~~ *mercenaries,*
Lonely.

CUT TO:

38. INT. WORKSHOP. NIGHT.

~~IN THE OFFICE.~~ *AND KANARO INTERVIEWING*
~~CLOSE ON CLARKE TURNING TO~~
SOMEONE SEATED ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE DESK, ~~WHOM WE DON'T YET~~ *IDENTIFY.*

CLARKE: With your service record,
I'd say you'll enjoy every minute
of it. (HE GRINS) We've got two
interrogation camps, ~~both badly~~
~~staffed. Can you leave by the~~
~~night train?~~

~~PULL BACK TO SHOW THE INTERVIEWER.~~
~~IT IS DARK.~~

KANARO: Both badly staffed.

CLARKE: Can you leave by
about the eighteenth ?

PULL BACK TO SHOW THAT THE
VISITOR IS MERES. HE SMILES.

MERES: Tomorrow, if you like.

KANARO GETS UP AND ~~STARTS TO~~
~~EXIT~~ ~~SHAKES~~ SHAKES HANDS.

KANARO: That's the sort of
spirit we ~~like~~ appreciate.

HE EXITS. MERES TURNS TO
CLARKE.

MERES: How many others are
going, Major ?

CLARKE: We're still recruiting.
But you'll be in good company.

MERES: Anyone I might know ?

CLARKE: ^{Assorted} ~~many~~ bunch, as you can
imagine. All ranks.

MERES: Of course.

CLARKE: Wide range of skills ..
Mathieson, former Engineer's
explosives man .. paratroop
sergeant, Witcher .. very likely
an old jungle-warfare ^{colleague} ~~colleague~~ of
mine, Callan ..

SHOW MERES DELIBERATELY REACTING.

MERES: What name did you say ?

CLARKE: Callan. Dave
Callan.

MERES: I know that name. A few
years ago in Cyprus I was involved
in a security case - when I was still
an active officer. There was a
Callan mixed up with it, working for
some section of British Intelligence.

CLARKE: Wouldn't be the Callan I
know. He left the Army ~~long~~ ^{long} before
~~Cyprus.~~ And as for ~~working in~~ -

MERES:(OVER) Five-ten, roundish
face, speaks with a slight Cockney
accent ..

CAMERA GOES IN CLOSE ON CLARKE
AS MERES ~~CONTINUES~~ CONTINUES.

Believe he used to be a Corporal.
In Malaya, or somewhere. ~~they~~ ^{before} they
~~transferred~~ ^{quietly} transferred him for
special duties ..

ON CLARKE'S EXPRESSION:

FADE OUT.

END OF PART TWO.